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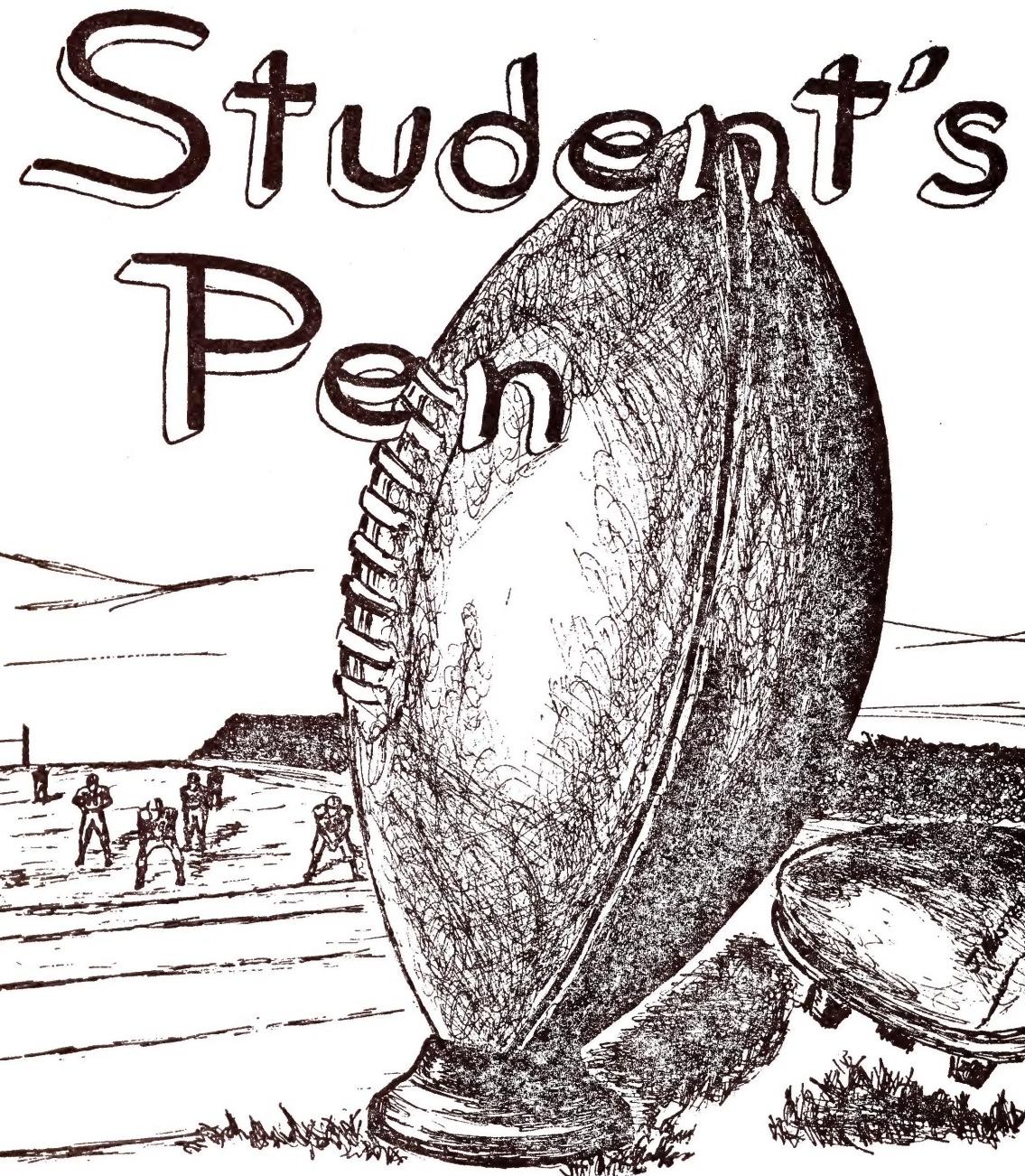
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PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS



November, 1948

The Student's Pen

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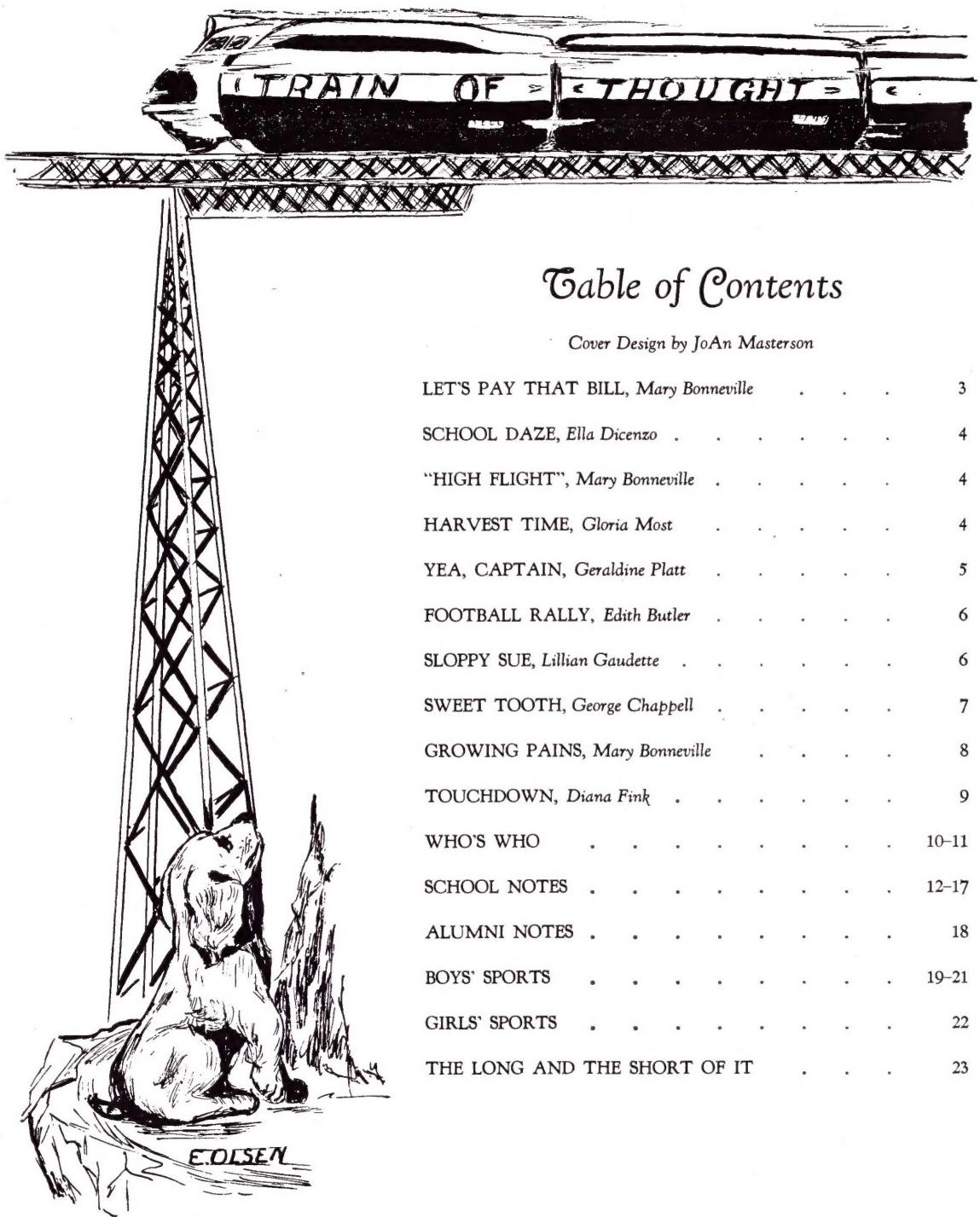


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From the EDITOR'S DESK

Let's Pay That Bill

By *Mary Bonneville*

EVEN if you won't say it out loud, you have to admit it to yourself—the opening of school is truly a wonderful time. It means so many more things than getting up at seven-thirty every morning. It's a time when we make new friendships which last through the years, lose our voices cheering at football games, look forward to the coming events which can be enjoyed only during school life—proms, rallies, games. The warm autumn sunshine and the blue skies that come only in fall make the whole student world smile in the pleasant anticipation of the year.

General Dwight Eisenhower, now president of Columbia University, speaking to the students of that institution, advised them to have some fun every day. "No day should pass without some fun and recreation," he said. And isn't that true? When you stop to think of it, it's amazing how many things are done to make us happy and carefree. Who can recall a Saturday night without a dance or a week without a "big" game to look forward to? Has there ever been a time when our teachers were unwilling to help us, a time when the opportunity to learn was denied us? The list of facilities for work, for play, for study is a long and generous one. Much is being done for us, more than has ever been done for any previous generation of young

people. Yes, all things considered, we are the most fortunate generation of all time. We should be, therefore, the most intelligent, the most thoughtful, tolerant, and generous generation that has ever lived.

Are we? Before you answer, ask yourself, "Could I have got an A on that last exam instead of C if I had put more effort into it? Am I a responsible member of my school and community, or am I a shirker?"

How many of us are giving half-hearted enthusiasm and offering an apology for effort? With a bored sigh, we casually say thanks for everything and promise we'll plan a brilliant future.

It's a fact. These are not sufficient excuses for doing a poor job now in developing our opportunities. Since we are given the best available, we should give our best in return. In every phase of living there is no excuse for our not being the best possible persons. For the facilities given us, we are contracting a very tangible debt that it is our duty to pay.

Are we paying this debt? Why not make this school year one installment?

When each of us can say, "In return for the wonderful opportunities which I am privileged to have, I have put forth my best in every word and act," the debt will be marked "Paid in Full."

School Daze

By Ella Dicenzo

SEPTEMBER eighth. Golly, it can't be. Not yet! Wasn't it only yesterday that we closed our books and cheerfully bade adieu to our teachers (who, doubtless, were glad to be rid of us) and went home to enjoy a much-needed vacation? Have the three months gone by so swiftly since we dropped our title of juniors and became proud seniors?

Yes, time waits for no one. Gone are the long summer days which we spent lolling about our lakes and summer camps, swimming, boating, or just trying to get "at-tan-tion". Gone, too, are the mornings when we could turn over to the other side without the fear of a dreaded tardy slip facing us if we overslept. Well, perhaps they are gone, but they are not forgotten!

But why waste time lamenting over days long since past? We're seniors now. This is our last year at P. H. S. We should make a good showing.

Walking along elm-lined East St., we hail our friends and mischievously eye the sophomores. Did we look as frightened as they?

But let's walk along now. We can't be late the very first day. Ah! we're here now, ready for our books. We have before us the happy task of gaining sufficient knowledge to earn the title of "Graduate" by next June.

"HIGH FLIGHT"

By Mary Bonneville

High over waving treetops
Golden leaves, the goldfinches of autumn,
Twirl and flash on their last flight
Driven by winter's gusty heralds.



HARVEST TIME

By Gloria Most

The touch of Autumn's in the air;
The bright leaves tell me so,
A harbinger of frosty days
And winter's drifting snow.

The countryside is bright and gay;
Jack Frost has been around.
He leaves his touch on every tree,
Red, yellow, orange, brown.

And from our hill, I clearly see
A bit of every hue;
Brightening the farmer's fields,
For harvest time is due.

Orange pumpkins, yellow corn,
Blue grapes upon the vine,
Great abundance all about
Recall a thought of mine.

If only people everywhere
Were half as blessed as we,
Perhaps then Peace would rule the world
Throughout eternity.

Yea, Captain

By Geraldine Platt

NOW, I am as interested in football as Dewey is in government; consequently I looked forward to the gridiron season with great eagerness. The very thought of it thrilled me to the point that my heart skipped a little faster and beat somewhat louder every time football was mentioned.

Tommy McGrath, the red-haired senior with the sparkling brown eyes, had been selected as our captain this year. He was a fine all-round boy, and the team and student body had built great hopes on him.

It was exactly one day before the big game when a shocking rumor spread about the school,—a rumor that made everyone desperate. It was being whispered that Tommy would not be able to play. True it was that he had been injured in practice, but to what extent no one actually knew. Our coach was frankly worried, and as for me . . . well, it just seemed as though the world were on the brink of disaster.

Then came the daily bulletin summoning us to the football rally. I trudged wearily along with the others to the auditorium. The heavy beating of the drums seemed keyed to my gloom, for I knew we couldn't win without Tommy.

Briefly our principal spoke into the microphone on our chances of success, but I scarcely listened to what he said. I like good, snappy football, and Tommy McGrath was the spark plug of our team. Why talk about victory when defeat seemed certain?

Then, from behind the curtain appeared a figure. Tommy!—Yes, it was Tommy! I nearly cried for joy. There he stood before us, smiling and well, and all ready for the big game.



Football Rally

By Edith Butler

CRASH! Bang! Like a loud rumble of thunder breaking through a clear sky the class room doors burst open, and into the formerly deserted halls of Pittsfield High comes a mad stampede of students determinedly pushing their way toward one destination—the auditorium. Let us hope that God will protect the unsuspecting newcomer to the building, who stands bewilderedly looking about for a refuge from this unruly crowd even as he prepares to be tramped upon. Occasionally, one may find an exceedingly brave member of the faculty trying desperately to stop the impatient herd, but soon he returns, discouraged, to the shelter of his class room.

Fortunately, the mob disappears within the walls of the auditorium almost as suddenly as it has entered the halls.

In the auditorium the students have finally become seated. Of course, as usual, the eyes of many a female are fixed upon the left balcony where the majority of the males have gathered. Here and there boys and girls may be seen trying frantically to complete the neglected homework of the night before. Others, crouched down in their seats, are finishing a belated breakfast. Munch! Crunch! Oh, why must they always manage to get right behind a person and chew in his ear? Somewhere else, "the singer" is heard murdering his favorite song. Of course he does it in a low tone. Not more than half the students around him feel like choking him. The rest would simply like to take him outside and string him on the nearest branch.

When the program finally does commence, everyone seems to develop a coughing spasm. On the stage are a few football heroes, who, though dauntlessly courageous on the playing field, now resemble victims about to be attacked by a vicious monster. If they were ever in need of an encouraging pat on the

back, they certainly are now. Each mumbles a few words, which, although scarcely audible, leave many of the fair sex in quite a dither.

Suddenly everyone becomes peculiarly quiet. Why? Obviously because he is supposed to be cheering. Even those whose persistent noise in class is a constant headache to the teachers, have become quiet little angels. You might think that our friend, "the singer" would be useful in the musical cheers, but, no, he chooses this for the one time of the day to rest his larynx.

At long last, with the aid of the cheer leaders and the band, the entire crowd shows signs of acquiring some spirit. However, just as the cheers begin to echo through the dome, the enthusiasm is crushed. The bell rings. The atmosphere is changed to one of dejection. Just six little words but they're mighty effective, "Pass to your first period class."

SLOPPY SUE

By Lillian Gaudette

(Inspired by reading "This Way, Please!")

Manners are good for you.
Don't become like Sloppy Sue.
Her nails are full of dirt and grime.
Her lipstick's smeared and out of line.
Her slip's too long, her hat is crushed,
Her teeth infrequently are brushed.
She pops her bubble gum all day,
And wonders why folks look away.
Etiquette she knows little about,
'Tis plainly seen when she steps out.
A soiled gown to the show she wears,
But Sue is one who never cares.
Across the aisles you hear her shout
To friends who're scattered 'round about.
This, dear reader, may startle you,
But there are people like Sloppy Sue.

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Sweet Tooth

By George E. Chappell

AMONG the mementos and portraits in the five hundred foot colonnade of the Hall of Fame should be a memorial to the man who invented the five-cent candy bar.

If the inventor of the candy bar has done nothing else, he has enabled us to stand in front of a glittering array of sweets, any one of which can be ours for only a nickel (usually six cents now-a-days, unless you buy them by the half dozen. A quarter makes you a king.) For a mere pittance we can possess a "Love Nest", ("Cuddle up a little closer, honey") or hold in our hand the "Milky Way." In a nation where the dollar is struggling for life, the candy bar's inventor has enabled many a poor man to hold up his head with pride.

Just think of the enjoyment derived from the weekly quiz shows, sponsored by the makers of candy bars. Not only is there the excitement of guessing the correct answer to "What President of the United States had one blue eye and one brown eye?" but at regular intervals we hear a gustatory description that simply makes us drool. The creamy nougat center, filled with fresh-roasted almonds and topped with delicious sweet chocolate, is beyond our powers of resistance, and we rush to the neighborhood store to lay in a quarter's worth.

Thanks to a generous portion of glucose, the candy bar is not only sweet, it contains calories galore. Over-indulgence will soon tip the scales in the wrong direction; but those who take the new look seriously will find comfort knowing that if only they eat enough candy bars, they need not worry about pad-



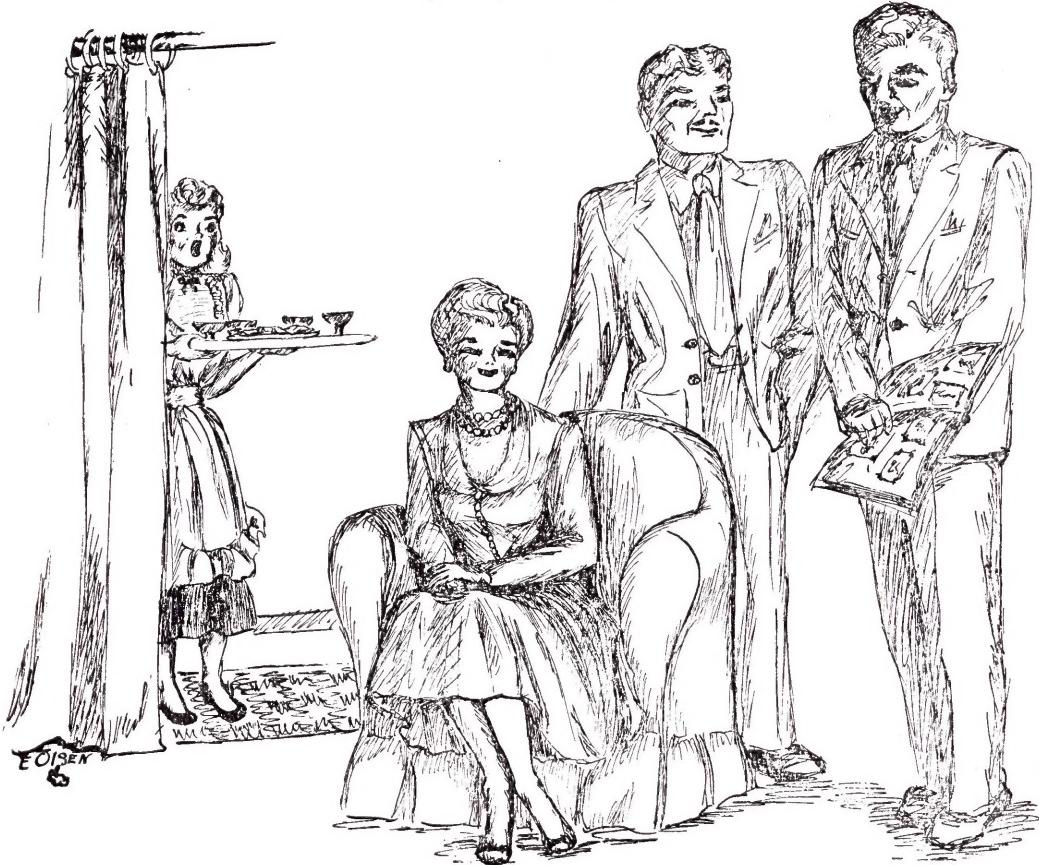
ding in the right places. The sweets they eat will more than take care of their problem.

Of course the mother who is watching her finances, regrets the passing of the penny sticks of candy. Now it takes a nickel to pacify Junior, but she quiets her conscience by recalling that there are oodles of nourishment in a candy bar. Dr. I. Q. says so, and she reaches into her purse and produces the necessary mazuma.

Like Junior, I'm all for the candy bar. I'll risk canker sores, caries, and loss of appetite, but give me that delightful candy-coated, creamy caramel bar, and I'll die happy. Gangway, everybody! Where's there a candy machine?

Growing Pains

By Mary Bonneville



SUE groaned. Not more company! Ever since they had come to live in the new house, all her parents' friends had been coming to pay a call. Each time someone came, Sue was as glad to see them as she would have been to see her dentist.

Below she could hear her mother's voice welcoming her guests. In the following minutes she debated with herself. Yes, Mother would think it rude if she did not make an appearance all evening. With a heavy heart, she made her way down the stairs and into the living room.

"Hello, dear," said Mother. "Isn't it nice to see Mrs. Brown? Emma, this is my big

girl. Hasn't she grown since you saw her?"

"Indeed she has! My, you've cut your hair! I did adore those long braids. But, of course, you must be in ninth grade by now... What? A junior in high school? Goodness!"

"I'll bet the fellows know she's there!" said Mr. Brown, winking at Father, who sat across the room.

Without waiting to hear the reply to that, Sue clenched her teeth and mumbled something about having to go into the kitchen. It is true the poise with which she made her exit was somewhat upset when she tripped on the little rug near the dining room door, but her temper was still under control as she

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stepped into the kitchen. As she sat on the stool by the window she wondered how many more of these mouldy remarks they were going to drag out. She'd heard them so many times that they haunted her in her dreams. "My, how big you are! Brother!"

Just then Mother came through the door.

"How sweet of you to come out and get a snack started! Your father is entertaining them now, so we can work together."

"What's he doing?"

"Your father? Oh, showing pictures, I guess."

"Not that!"

"Hmm? Bring the gingerale, please."

For some minutes all was quiet in the kitchen as the refreshments were prepared. Mother was humming a little tune, but Sue frowned while she cut cake.

"All set now. Carry that tray, dear."

As she opened the door with her foot, Sue could hear her father saying, "Now, this is our Susie at eight. Heh-heh. Yes, cute pig-tails. I remember that day very well. She'd just kicked little Johnny in the shins. Heh-heh. Yes, they are cute at that age."

Must he? She was sure that was the most unflattering picture ever taken of anyone anywhere.

Luckily conversation was diverted to the cake for a time; then it turned to the more important news of the day.

Time flew. It seemed as if the Browns had been there only three weeks, when she heard Mrs. Brown exclaim, "Well, we really must be going. I've enjoyed our little visit so much. Your house is charming."

"Ah," said Mr. Brown, "Don't forget we saw their daughter! She's a real grownup now! Did you see the lipstick on her glass? Heh! !"

"I'm just sorry," answered Mother, "that you couldn't see her at another time when she isn't impatiently waiting for a call!"

The rosy glow from Sue's face shone through the room.

"Say, Mother, you're making her blush!" This from Father.

"Oh!"

Everyone near the door turned to look at this exclamation, but all that could be seen was the corner of Sue's skirt as her feet flew up the stairs and into her room. Bang! The door of the room closed.

Amazed glances were exchanged below stairs.

"I can't understand what gets into that girl!" said Mother. But then, how could she? She hadn't done any growing up lately.

TOUCHDOWN

By Diana Fink

He smiled as he caught the ball firmly in both hands.

That forward pass had almost gone straight into the stands!

For one fleet second he looked around and saw the field was clear.

With only sixty yards to go he'd show them whom to fear!

This was his first game, and so it was up to him

To show the coach he had the courage, cleverness, and vim.

He made a dashing forward leap right through all opposition.

He'd show them that he was the only man for that position!

Right through their guards he rushed, and mangled men beneath his feet.

Where'er he ran the tackles felt a surge of blistering heat.

Straight down the field with colors true
His nimble feet unfaltering flew.

He heard the shouts of team and fans
And smiled into the hometown stands.

And then—He made it! Over the one!
He turned to spy the course he'd run.

But the people in the bleachers, and his teammates on the ground

Were glaring, shouting hateful words, and wishing he would drown!

He had performed a feat of which he'd never want to boast

For he had made the touchdown behind the wrong goalpost!

WHO'S WHO

MR. PRESIDENT

We doubt that there is anyone in P.H.S. who doesn't know Anthony Sachetti. You've seen him on the gridiron dozens of times when he has kicked the extra point after a touchdown and carried his team on to victory. Off the field, Tony is also going places. He is president of the Senior Class, a member of the Junior Varsity baseball team, and a member of the House of Representatives in the student government. He is taking the college preparatory course and after earning a college degree, he would like to kick on a professional football team.



IMPORTANT MISS.

She is the Senior Class treasurer, a member of Sigma Tri-Hi-Y, and a former homeroom representative. She has also been on the Advertising Staff of *THE STUDENT'S PEN*. Who is she? She is smiling Vivian Traversa. Outside of these activities, "Viv" finds time for music and sports, which are her hobbies. Her favorite pastimes are haunting Room 142 and just dreaming away the time. Her ambition? Well, she is not sure, fellows—but just form a line to the right!



CONCERT MISTRESS

You've heard her wonderful music, seen her around school, and now students, meet popular Betty Dunn, a senior and concert mistress at P. H. S. Right up front among the strings, Betty is Mr. Gorman's pride and joy. She is fond of classical music and nothing delights her more than a pleasant afternoon spent at Tanglewood. Also high on Betty's list of favorites are skiing, square dancing, swimming, and eating peanut butter cookies!

Betty thinks she may like to continue with music after graduation, but at the moment her future plans are indefinite.

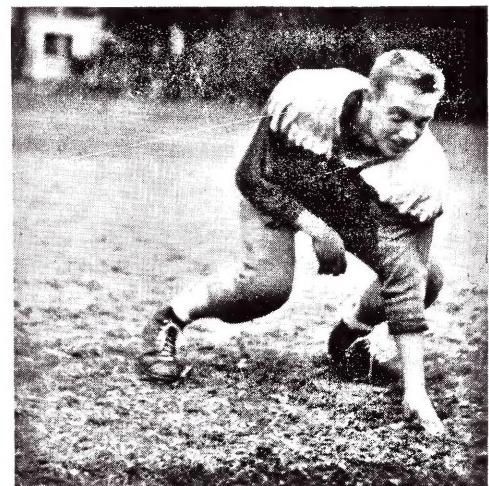


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CAPTAIN TERRIFIC

The last man you see getting up out of the pile on the gridiron is our well known football captain, Rudy Sondrini. Needing a lot of energy to play football, his favorite sport, he believes that nothing gives a man more energy than a great big dish of spaghetti and meatballs. When not complaining about his daily task of shaving, he loves to spend his time making little wagers with Coach Bianchi (it could be because he wins). You can breathe easily, girls, for no one has yet succeeded in catching him. Rudy is undecided about the future, but with his bright smile and will to win, we know he will succeed in any field.



OUR BUDDY

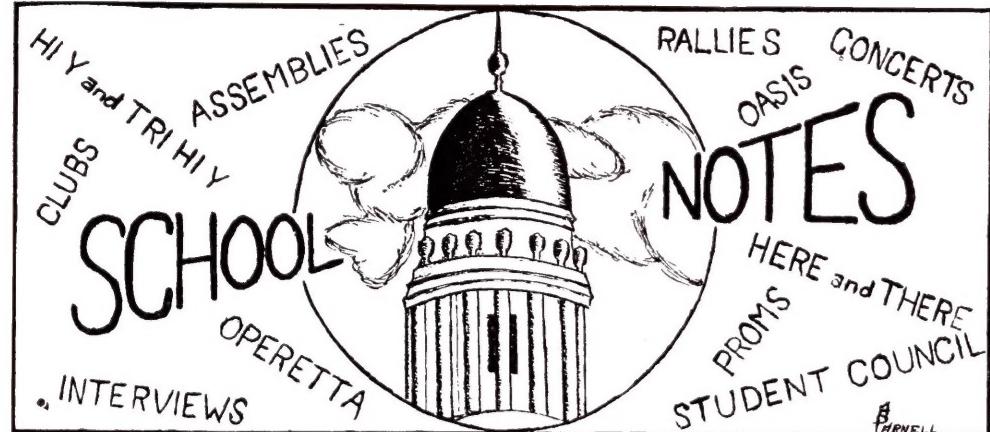
Students, meet Horace Williams, the alert halfback on our football team. He is the man whom you would most likely see running back the kick-off when our team is on the offensive. Buddy has no pet peeves; that is why he is so amiable. His favorite sports are football, basketball, and track. Buddy has not made any definite plans for the future, but whatever his decision is, we know he will succeed.



MORALE BOOSTER

"Just a little louder" is the familiar refrain of Elaine "Tibby" Thebodo, captain of the cheerleaders. Elaine is also vice president of Sigma Tri-Hi-Y. Basketball is Elaine's favorite sport (I wonder why?) and day dreaming is her pastime. "That's My Desire" (?) is her favorite song. Elaine would like to be a secretary after graduation.





Ella Dicenzo, Editor

Charles Barris, Dolores Bernardo, Betty Bianchi, Irma Bosma, John Coughlin, Jacqueline Ferguson, June Gavirorno, Helen Giftos, Diamond Gregory, Claire Hurley, Jean Krook, Helen Maniatis, Miriam Najimy, Elaine Paduano, Rita Ross, Faith Whiting.

PRESENTING MR. HENNESSEY, VICE-PRINCIPAL

I know him—you know him—everybody knows him—but maybe the sophomores have overlooked the fact that he is our new vice-principal. Who? Mr. Harold Hennessey, of course. He was graduated from Lenox High School and Holy Cross College before going to Plunkett Junior High to teach for three years. He then came to Pittsfield High where he had been happily (we hope) teaching biology until May, 1948, when he was appointed vice-principal to fill the vacancy left by the death of Arthur P. Goodwin. Mr. Hennessey's duties keep him very busy, but he still finds time to act as advertising manager of *THE STUDENT'S PEN*. Good luck, Mr. Hennessey, through the years ahead.

SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED

Pittsfield High School is happy to welcome to its faculty five new members. They are Dr. Edward Van Deusen, and the Messrs. William Tully, Ned Shields, Raymond Carey, and Matthew Jacoby.

Dr. Van Deusen is the head of the new Technical Department. He received his Bachelor of Arts degree at Northeastern University, majoring in industrial engineering; his Master of Education degree at Bos-

ton University, cum laude; his Doctor of Philosophy degree at Cornell University. Previous to coming to P.H.S., he taught at New York Institute of Applied Arts and Science in White Plains, N. Y.

Mr. Tully teaches algebra and boys' mathematics. Before coming to P.H.S., he taught at Central Junior High School. He is a graduate of St. Anselm's college and is now studying for his master's degree at North Adams State Teacher's College.

Mr. Shields is a graduate of St. Thomas' College, where he majored in English. Before coming to P.H.S., he taught at Pomeroy Junior High School.

Mr. Carey is another new member of our English department. He received his degree from Holy Cross College. His last position before coming to P.H.S. was at Pomeroy Junior High.

Mr. Jacoby teaches general science and biology. Previous to coming to P. H. S., he taught in Tucker junior high schools. He is a graduate of Ohio Northern University and is now studying for his master's degree, toward which he has already obtained several credits. You'll find Mr. Jacoby a real friend to all the students, for, as he says, "I find them all interesting and wonderful people."

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SENIOR CLASS NOTES

The September elections for senior class councilors resulted in the following students being chosen: James Danford, 103; Charles Barris, B9; Joseph Principe, Elaine Paduano, 236; Edward Goodriche, 141; Jean Shepardson, Albert Romasco, 233; Joseph Keen, Nancy Knoblock, 201; Anne Bossidy, Robert Brennan, 206; Alfred Morano, Josephine Montelone, 235; Robert Southworth, Elaine Thebodo, 240; Edward Massery, 101; Betty Bianco, 239; Mary Delaney, Barbara Depew, 204; Bina Gibbs, Elmo Fresia, 203; Verne Goodwin, Jean Johnson, 202; Alan Scott, 102; Joyce Bailey, Leo Albert, 208; Donald Skole, 14; Horace Williams, Helen Wood, 241; Glen Carson, Ann Cooney, 205.

The September primary elections gave the seniors the following ticket of officers: president, Anthony Sacchetti, who was unopposed; girl vice-president, Anne Bossidy, Irene Zajchowski; boy vice-president, Edward Grady, William Quadrozzi; secretary, Betty Dunn, Virginia Pratt; treasurer, Vivian Traversa, who was also unopposed. At the final elections on October 21, Anne Bossidy was elected girl vice-president; Edward Grady, boy vice-president; and Virginia Pratt, secretary. Watch the December issue for a picture of the successful candidates.

The first senior class ring orders have arrived, and the seniors are already proudly displaying their new rings.

Vivian Traversa, senior class treasurer, named as her senior home room treasurers, Phyllis Lisi, 201; Ella Dicenzo, 204; Helen Giftos, 203; Marilyn Seckler, 238; Betty Moon, 235; Olga Totaro, 240; Margaret Weatherwax, 241; Rita Ross, 239; Lucia Quirico, 236; Claire Hurley, 202; Josephine Di Cario, 205; Marlene Binder, 206; Clare Beraldi, 208; Barbara MacWhinnie, 233; Richard Somerville, B9; Francis McMahon,

101; Pat Scago, 14; Joseph Shepard, 103; William Stumpuk, 141; David Munson, 102.

At a meeting of the Senior Class Council on October first, these students were elected: Jean Johnson, Good Will Committee; Thomas Hamilton, editor-in-chief of the Year Book; Robert Southworth, business editor; Helen Wood, Verne Goodwin, operetta co-chairmen.

THE CHEERLEADERS

"Victory! Victory! That's our cry!" And so it is, when our student body, led by the cheerleaders, encourages our teams on to victory. Elaine Thebodo is our energetic captain. Her squad consists of Olga Totaro, Joanne Shuster, Virginia Donald, Joanne Reder, Patricia Ploss, Betty Krasky, Barbara Crow, Henerosa Carmona, and Donna McBride. However, these girls must have your support to be successful, so let's go, Pittsfield!

The Junior Varsity cheerleaders were chosen on September twenty-seventh by a committee consisting of Coach Art Fox, Coach Al Bianchi, Coach Ray Kowalski, Coach Ed Hickey, and Miss Luella Viger. On the squad, which is temporary, are Marcia Viale, Diane Shuster, Lorita Martinelli, Barbara Sultaire, Joan Rosa, Patricia Hughes, Ruth Thompson, and Rosemary Monterosso.

THE BAND

The band, this year, is not so large as it has been in previous years. Nevertheless, its seventy members have already given us evidence that they are capable of playing to a perfection not ordinarily found in a high school band. Their snappy renditions of marches and school songs are as effective as the "pep talks" and cheers in a rally. So it is "hats off" to the band and "Coach" Gorman, its able director!

VOCATIONAL NEWS

It seems a shame that while the first floor and upstairs are being remodelled and more adequately lighted, only one room in the Vocational Department has been refinished. New fluorescent lights and a fresh coat of paint have been added in one room only. These facilities, fine as they are, make the other rooms seem drab by contrast. However, Mr. Bresnahan is delighted with the improvements to Room 14.

Now for a pleasant thought. The Retail Sales Department, headed by Miss Eileen Murphy, is having Room 107 made over to resemble a department store. Two members of the Vocational teaching staff, Mr. James Driscoll and Mr. Williard Shepardson, spent part of the summer refinishing this room and working on cabinets and display cases. When the room is finished, it will give Saks-5th Avenue some mild competition.

While soliciting for the Vocational News, your reporter was surprised to find many ways in which the technical course has expanded. One of the quonset huts at the side of the school is being converted to house a technical shop. This will be a combination of shops like the Vocational School, such as machine shop, auto mechanics, woodworking, welding and a few electrical appliances.

The Sheet Metal Department has been working on the lockers in the basement section. Some of these lockers were caved in, and the latches on many of them were worn off. Sheet Metal Department has restored these lockers to good condition.

Thomas Mosca, a machine shop student, received an unfortunate accident last week while working on a lathe. He was taken to the hospital, where a metal object was removed from his eye.

HERE AND THERE

Has everyone seen Bob Taylor's flashy shirt? Wow, you just can't miss it!! The rainbow has nothing on you, Bob.

Barbara Althizer certainly believes in comfort. She was seen walking the halls in pretty blue gym shoes the other day. What next, I ask?

Say, all you sophomores, you'll have to cheer much louder if you expect to be heard at our rallies and games. Come on, now, you can do better!

Scoup, your ankle really doesn't hurt that much, does it?

George Emerson has been out of school and in the hospital for an appendicitis operation. Get well quick, George. We all miss you and are anxious for your return.

Lorrita Martinelli has the cutest little green lunch box you have ever seen. Ask her to show it to you.

Frank Palma just can't seem to find his right seat in room 149, much to Miss Casey's dismay. I wonder why?

Dolores Controy was disappointed at the Tech football game because she couldn't cheer. She had laryngitis. Better luck next time, Dolores!

Will the boy who has been strutting around P. H. S. and sporting a bright pink tie please identify himself to the student body? The suspense is maddening. Coach Fox now has a little competition as far as gaudy neck-wear is concerned!!

The students in room 149 request that Rudy Sondrini, please pick up his feet as he walks around the room. It seems that Rudy disturbs the few who are trying to study (?)

Someone ought to straighten the sophomores out. It appears as if the lunch schedule confuses them and some of them were seen eating at all three lunches! Goodness gracious, what chubby sophomores we are going to have.

November, 1948

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MODERN MERMAID

Just in case you sophomores do not know, we have a mermaid in our midst, who, nevertheless, is no friend of "Mr. Peabody's." She is Nancy Knoblock, a senior and winner of these swimming titles at Pontoosuc Lake: The City of Pittsfield's Junior Women's fifty-yard freestyle, on July thirty-first; the Berkshire Women's fifty-yard freestyle, and the New England Athletic Association Amateur Union's Junior Women's one hundred-yard freestyle, on August seventh.



Miss Rosemary Haylon

THE MOTION PICTURE CLUB

The first meeting of the Motion Picture Club was held Friday, September 24, in Room 201. A brief explanation of the purpose of the club was given by Louise Elliot. A short talk was given by Miss Hodges, the club's adviser.

The officers for the coming year are president, John Coughlin; vice president, Diamond Gregory; recording secretary, Bessie Zarvis; correspondence secretary, Joan Martin; librarian, Valerie Crawford; treasurer, Louise Elliot.

The chairmen of the committees are program committee, Isabel Zaccari; reporting committee, Duane Brown; sunshine committee, Jean Bolles.

THE ORCHESTRA

The orchestra, under the direction of Music Supervisor F. Carl Gorman, has forty members this year. Practicing every other day of the school week, it can be expected to give a good account of itself during the coming year. Betty Mae Dunn has been appointed concert mistress for the second time. The operetta orchestra, consisting of twenty-two picked musicians, is being given special training in its part in the "Pirates of Penzance", this year's operetta, sponsored by the Senior Class.

MEET THE FACULTY

Introducing Miss Rosemary T. Haylon, who was recently named assistant literary adviser of *THE STUDENT'S PEN*. This friendly member of our faculty is a graduate of the College of St. Rose in Albany. She has also attended Boston University Graduate School and is now studying for her master's degree. Before coming to Pittsfield High School she taught at Crane and Tucker Junior High. Teaching English is not the only interest Miss Haylon has in P.H.S. She has aided Miss Eileen Murphy in supervising the cheerleaders for the last two years. Her hobbies include photography and sports, baseball in particular. (She's a Red Sox fan, win or lose!) She loves all foods, but chocolate cake heads the menu. She has no pet peeves, which accounts for her genial nature. Someday she would like to visit California and Ireland. We hope you get your wish, Miss Haylon, and if you do, bon voyage!

MISSING

When the pupils of Room 202 returned to school on September eighth, they found, much to their dismay, that they had lost their inspiring teacher, Mr. John E. Joyce, who had taken an important position in England Brothers, one of Pittsfield's leading department stores. Mr. Joyce will always be remembered by P. H. S. students. He took an active interest in all our activities, and during the war headed up many of our school projects. More recently he was chairman of the school division of the Children's Crusade drive. In addition to teaching English, he was interested in radio work and served as substitute announcer on radio station WBRK. His first Pittsfield teaching assignment was in the junior high school, but he had been on the P. H. S. faculty for sixteen years.

Although he has forsaken Pittsfield High for this new position, we hope that he will not forget us. We wish him much happiness and prosperity.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Approximately one hundred and seventy-five girls turned out for the first meeting of the Girls' Glee Club, held under the direction of Music Supervisor F. Carl Gorman, on September 22, in the auditorium. The following Wednesday, the girls sang a two-part melody—"On Wings of Music", by Felix Mendelssohn. Ann Wilde, a sophomore, and Lillie Galiano, a junior, accompanied the group on the piano.

The enthusiasm shown by the new group promises to make the Glee Club this year a huge success.

WE CARED ABOUT CARE

A letter received by the Relief Projects Committee of Pittsfield High School from Fraulein Maria Holoch of Heidelberg, Germany, should be of special interest to the student body, as Fraulein Holoch was the person to whom our Student Committee sent nine CARE packages last June under the supervision of Miss Margaret Conlon.

In this letter, Fraulein Holoch expressed her sincere appreciation of our thoughtfulness. She writes, "Not until now do I realize how much hunger I have experienced; and may I express sincerest thanks and a hearty 'May God repay you.'"

We have already sent twenty CARE packages amounting to two hundred dollars to the following countries: one to Belgium and one to France, three to Poland and three to Italy, two to England, nine to Germany, and one to the American Friends Service Committee in Philadelphia.

War-torn Europe needs our help more today than ever before, and CARE is the only medium by which we are able to send supplies to individuals.

This worthwhile program needs student support. Let's get behind it again this year.

ASSEMBLY

Richard Carradine, a young Shakespearean actor, gave several readings at P. H. S.'s first assembly of the year, September 27.

In an effort to popularize Shakespeare's works throughout schools, Mr. Carradine read from "Julius Caesar," "Hamlet," and "Merchant of Venice."

A student of Constance Collier, John Barrymore's leading lady, Mr. Carradine stresses the dramatic as well as the literary value of Shakespeare. This proved to be a very interesting lecture as well as educational.

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TRI-HI-Y ACTIVITIES

At the Y.M.C.A., the Tri-H-Y clubs have all been busy inducting the new officers and initiating new members. The new officers are:

Alpha—Carolyn Coughlin, president; Betty Atcheson, vice-president; Mary Bonneville, secretary; Joyce Gasper, treasurer; Peggy Ann Brown, warden-chaplain.

Beta—Karyl Sottung, president; Diane Shuster, vice-president; Joyce Canavan, secretary; Anne Monterosso, treasurer; Joan Harmon, warden-chaplain.

Delta—Ella Dicenzo, president; June Gaviorno, vice-president; Jean Hubbard, secretary; Rera Nadeau, treasurer; Constance Douillet, chaplain; Betty Bianchi warden. Diamond Gregory was elected chairman of the "Get Acquainted Harvest Hop", which is to be held on October 29, at the "Y".

Gamma—Mary Delaney, president; Mae Garnish, vice-president; Joan Sullivan, secretary; Mary Sullivan, treasurer; Rita Wolfe, warden; Rita Ross, chaplain. Gamma is also preparing for their annual "Victory Dance", which is to be held November 11, 1948 at the Y.M.C.A.

Sigma—Josephine Decario, president; Elaine Thebodo, vice-president; Olga Tottaro, secretary; Nancy Elso, treasurer; Rosemary Monteroso, warden; Josephine Monteleone, chaplain.

Zeta—Mitzi Eberwein, president; Geraldine Crew, vice-president; Marion Pelli-zarro, secretary; Martha Ransford, treasurer; Claire Hurley, warden-chaplain.

THE OASIS

A capacity crowd attended the opening night of Pittsfield's Teen-Age Night Club, the Oasis, on October sixteenth, at the Y.M.C.A. The Oasis orchestra, under the direction of Louis Marchetti, P.H.S. senior, played. This marked the sixth successive

season that the Oasis has been conducted. The co-chairmen are Miss Margaret Richmany and Russell Peaslee. Assisting them are Anne Bossidy, secretary-treasurer; Nancy Sweatland, admissions; Louis Marchetti, David Powell, Oliver Barzottini, music; Geraldine Crew and Robert Gale, decorations; Patricia Hamilton and Charles Barris, hosts and hostesses; James Edmonds, James and William Thompson, special features; Nancy Knoblock, Clayton Sleeper, Barbara Sultaire, refreshments; Howard Nonken, George Pezzini, rooms; Arnold Sleeper, houseman.

MINUTE INTERVIEWS

The Seniors' opinion of the sophs.

BOB BLAKE—If they get much smaller we'll lose them in the ink wells.

GIGGI MARR—So young and tender.

JEAN MACINNES—They're nice kids as far as kids go.

MARY MERCURI—They seem quite impressed by the senior boys!

BILL THOMPSON—The girls are pretty—nice.

LEO FIORINI—They sure look like something out of the past!

BETTY MCANANNY—Were we that bewildered?

Louie Marchetti—The soph girls? Not bad at all.

The sophs' opinion of our high school

PAT DOWNS—High school is very nice but HOW CAN I GET ACQUAINTED?

DON SOTTUNG—Everything about high school is swell except first lunch.

SHIRLEY MEYER—I think high school is nicer than and different from Junior High.

DICK KOWALCZYK—It's O K, but it's still school.

TERRY PUTNAM—It's nice but about five times too big.



Alumni Notes

By Helen Giftos

Pittsfield High School graduates are going on to greater heights, some to college, others into the business world.

Daniel Ladapoulis, 1948 graduate, has left for his freshman year at Bryant College, Providence, R. I. Dan was voted the best dressed boy in his class last year.

Dominic Dicenzo, '48, has entered the University of Massachusetts where he has already been chosen to play on the football team. Dom was an outstanding football player in his three years at Pittsfield High School.

On the dean's list at Smith College are two members of the Class of 1951, Barbara Burgner and Marilyn Reder, both P. H. S. 1948.

The Rosenfield twins, Alma and Claire, 1948 editor and business manager of THE PEN respectively, are enrolled in the freshman class at Smith College. Also a Smith freshman is Louise Bloomberg, 1948.

Eleanor Lynch '48 is enrolled as a freshman at the College of New Rochelle, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Horace (Bud) Cauffman, Jr., captain and star guard on our basketball team last year, entered Muhlenberg College at Allentown, Pa. He recently underwent an operation on his left knee.

Mary Kelley, '48, has started her nursing career. "Kel" is training at St. Luke's Hospital, using her sparkling personality as a cure for her patients.

Janet Clark, '47, has entered her sophomore year at Bates College in Maine. Janet was the editor of THE PEN during 1946-1947.

Charles R. Bordeau, Jr., '47, is starting his freshman year at Northeastern University, Boston. Charles is taking a pre-legal course at the university.

Entering Duke University as a junior this year, is Joan Burns, class of '47 also. Joan left for Durham, N. C. last month.

Robert Heidel, '46, has returned to Northeastern Law School in Boston.

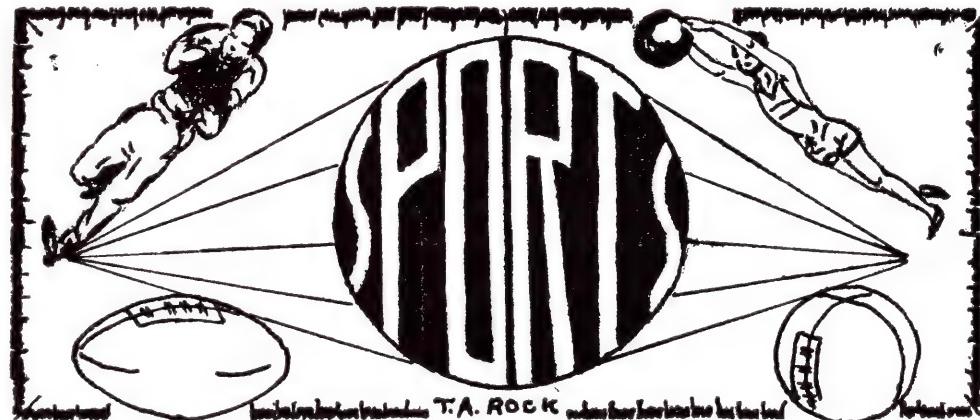
Theda Litrides, '46, has transferred from Hood College, Maryland, to U.C.L.A. Theda is now living in Van Noyes, California.

The outstanding athlete of '46 and winner of the famous "Tommy Curtin" medal, Al Bianchi, is now a coach in his Alma Mater. Al attended Cranwell Preparatory School and Williams College before taking a position as line coach here.

Art Ditmar, '47, and captain of the baseball team that year, has taken a position in the Sports' Department at England Brothers. Art formerly played baseball with the Kiwana Club.

Donald Debaucher, '47, has been studying chemical engineering at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, New York. He is a member of the Rensselaer Society of Engineers.

James Garivaltis, class of '45, has started his freshman year at Pennsylvania Military College. Jimmy also attended the Berkshire Preparatory School in Sheffield and Champlain College in Plattsburg, N. Y.



P. H. S. CRUSHES ADAMS 47 to 6

By Wayne Carley

On October 9, at Renfrew Field in Adams, Pittsfield High's football team rolled along on its unbeaten path. The score was an astronomical 47 to 6. At the end of the first period it ceased to be a contest. Despite the use of 33 men, Coach Fox was unable to stem the rising tide. What the subs lacked in skill, they made up in spirit.

Although the total of first downs was only 9 to 7 in our favor and yardage from scrimmage only 173 yards to 130 for Adams, we capitalized on the home team's errors.

The scoring went like this: on the third play of the game, Bud Turner recovered an Adams fumble. Five plays later Johnny Perrone bucked over from the six. The extra point attempt was wide. Following an Adams punt, P. H. S. used only 4 downs for the next score, Horace Williams going off-tackle for 37 yards. Tony Sacchetti booted the extra point. Early in the second period, Pittsfield drove to the Adams 28 where they fumbled. Adams recovered and drove 72 yards for a score, Urquhart going over from the one. The kick was short. Adams then tried an on-sides kickoff. Charlie Falkowski caught the ball and ran 69 yards up the middle to score. Sacchetti's kick was again good and the half ended with the score 20 to 6.

Early in the third period, Morehead blocked a punt and Joe Principe raced 27

yards for a touchdown. Tony again hit. On the third play of the final period Turner scored from the 3 after a sustained drive. Adams fumbled just after the kickoff and Arnie Sleeper alertly recovered on the Pittsfield 32. Tony Ferdyn then passed twice to Dick Ross for gains of 23 and 18 yards. Miller then went over from the 2. The last score stemmed from a 42-yard punt return by Joe Miller to the Adams 18. Ferdyn passed to Morehead for the score. A bad center prevented Sacchetti's kick from being good. However, Tony managed to boot 5 out of 7 kicks through the uprights.

John Perrone's kickoffs were the feature of the day. Three of them went deep into the end-zone. Fred Solari starred offensively for the losers.

PITTSFIELD EDGES HOLYOKE 7 TO 6

By Jim Cederstrom and Jay Reder

Once again the educated toe of Tony Sacchetti played an important part in a Pittsfield victory. It was Tony's extra point placement in the third quarter which proved eventually to be the deciding point.

End Joe Principe received the second half kick-off on his own twenty-five-yard line and raced fifteen yards to the Pittsfield forty before being brought down. Fifteen plays later P. H. S. forged over for the first score. Carrying the ball twelve of these times was "Big John" Perrone, who was outstanding for

Pittsfield on offensive and defense all afternoon. Winn Gregory also smashed for ten yards in this drive. Following Tony Sacchetti's kick, which made the score seven to nothing, Pittsfield went on the defensive.

At the commencement of the fourth period a Pittsfield aerial was intercepted by center Paul Mackey of Holyoke at the midfield stripe. A relentless drive brought the "Paper Town" eleven to the Pittsfield eight. Shifting into a "T" formation, which befuddled the Pittsfield defense, Holyoke sent Roy Provost over for the score. Ends Principe and Don Morehead broke up the attempted conversion. This play decided the game. The game ended none too soon for the Purple, because Eddie Gavron and Provost put on a brilliant passing exhibition, and the contest ended with the ball in Holyoke's possession on the Pittsfield twenty-four-yard line.

Pittsfield's opening line-up was minus Horace Williams, speedy halfback, who had played an important part in his team's first two victories of the season. Joe Miller and Dick Ross filled his spot admirably. "Bud" Turner, who wasn't expected to see much service, played a steady game. Again John "Whitey" Hart and Captain Rudy Sondrini played superlative line games, being in on practically every tackle. "Dutch" Uhlig and Jimmy Mazzer also played good games in the forward wall. For Holyoke center Mackey, end "Mac" McGarry, and back Dan Dicarlo played well defensively.

Pittsfield's only serious casualty was James "Chunky" Danford, who dislocated his shoulder and will probably be out for the rest of the season.

Although edged in the number of first downs (7 to 8), Pittsfield led in total gain from scrimmage: 144 yards to 86 for Holyoke. Holyoke's only strong point was their passing. They completed six passes in thirteen attempts good for sixty-six yards.

As a result of this victory, Pittsfield is now recognized as a power in Western Massachusetts.

P. H. S. 7—TECH. 0 By Charles Steady

Pittsfield High won its second game in two starts by defeating Technical High of Springfield, a team that looked larger than ours. But size wasn't the deciding factor, even though the brawn of "Chunky" Danford, Johnny Perrone, and Capt. Rudy Sondrini aided the Pittsfield cause. Speed afoot and deft ball handling set up the lone touchdown in the first period.

Four plays after Tech kicked off in the first period they took over possession of the ball. This did them no good for they used up four downs to no avail. Recovering the ball, Pittsfield began to move. The Fox-men were eight yards from a score when a fifteen-yard penalty for offensive holding took them back to Tech's twenty-three-yard line. Still Pittsfield forged on. A snappy pass-lateral play and a run by Bud Turner gave them a first down on the two-yard-line, where "Big John" Perrone smashed through the Springfield line for a touchdown. Tony Sacchetti's kick for the extra point was a beauty, putting the Purple ahead to stay, seven to nothing.

In the second quarter Tech had to punt after taking the kickoff. Horace Williams, fleet halfback made a good return but Pittsfield lost its chance for a score. The remainder of the game saw a prolonged series of punt exchanges as neither team took advantage of possible drives. The third period saw a Tech drive to the Pittsfield twenty-seven stopped by the Purple line which was as solid as a brick wall. Through desperation Tech tried sweeping end runs and long passes, all of which went for naught.

Although, for the most part, the play was quite noticeably ragged, Pittsfield appeared to be the superior team. As usual Pittsfield's defensive ability proved to be the determining factor in the game.

P. H. S. UPSETS GREENFIELD 14 TO 7 By Jay Reder and Jim Cederstrom

Pittsfield High's football squad, on Saturday, September 18, opened its 1948 campaign by defeating Greenfield High for the first time since 1941.

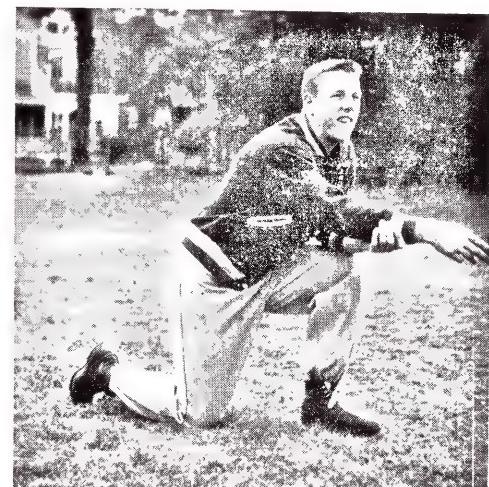
The first score of the game came early in the second period. Starting on the Greenfield forty-one-yard line, the men of Coach Art Fox smashed down the field to their opponents' four, where End Don Morehead scored on a pass from Left Halfback George Turner. "Automatic" Tony Sacchetti converted the point after touchdown from placement. Fullback Johnny Perrone by his plunging, and Halfback Horace Williams, by his crafty running, were instrumental in setting up the scoring play.

Pittsfield's lead, however, was short lived. Greenfield retaliated later in the second period after an exchange of punts. Fullback Howie Burns flipped a pass to co-captain Lennie Harris who scooted into the end-zone for a TD. This play was good for an overall total of 27 yards. Hoosic's kick tied the score.

During halftime, a sudden wind and electric storm disrupted festivities in Greenfield's newly dedicated Veterans' Memorial Field and threatened to halt play.

The first time P. H. S. had possession of the ball in the third quarter they marched forty-two yards to pay-dirt. The climax of the drive came when Horace Williams pounded over from the nine-yard line putting the "Purple" ahead to stay. Sacchetti's boot was again true, making the tally 14 to 7.

During the remainder of the game, Pittsfield played sterling defensive ball, staving off many potential Greenfield scoring threats. Highlighting this defensive pattern were Captain Rudy Sondrini, tackle Al "Dutch" Uhlig, and guard John "Whitey" Hart, all of whom played excellent line games. Dick Ross, reserve fullback, handled Pittsfield's punting admirably. The line backing of Perrone and of Bobbie Brennan was also praiseworthy.



AL BIANCHI APPOINTED LINE COACH

By Jay Reder and Jim Cederstrom

Students and alumni of Pittsfield High School were greatly pleased when it was announced that popular Al Bianchi ('46) would return to his alma mater to act as line coach of the football team. He is well suited to this position, for during his three year tenure at P. H. S. he was regular guard on the "Purple eleven". In each of these years Al was honored by the "Eagle" as All-Berkshire guard. Upon completion of his studies at Pittsfield, he attended Cranwell Preparatory School and Williams College where he also starred on the gridiron.

In addition to football, Al was also a regular in baseball, as a catcher, and in basketball, as a guard. During his senior year, Al was All-Berkshire in baseball. In his spare time he could be found at his dad's Pastime Alleys leading the P. H. S. bowling team.

In an exclusive interview, Al stated that he thought the present football squad was going places.

We join with all the student body in welcoming Al back and wishing him the best of luck.

Girls' Sports

By Betty Bianchi

HEAR-YE, HEAR-YE SENIORS

The clatter of hockey sticks and the screams of excited girls can be heard almost any day now after school. Many enthusiastic girls are going out for field hockey and badminton as girls' sports start on another thrill-packed year.

The senior girls, the champs of last year, are going out in full force to try to keep the championship crown. The juniors who have already felt the strength of the seniors in last year's competition, know that no games will be won easily. Norma Fitch and the Zajchowski twins, the spark plugs of last year's team, will be out there full of energy again this year. As a parting hint, keep an eye on the seniors, and watch their speed.

JUNIORS

The Junior field hockey team is off to a fast start with several players standing out as future stars. Already Jean Cronin, Lucie Brower, Jean Woitkowski, Esther Leone, and Catherine Mierzejewski show great possibilities. Theresa Malumphy, with the aid of her ski shoes, is covering the goalie position this season. With this combination and good team work the juniors have plenty of material to bid for a victorious year.



Seniors in Action on the Hockey Field

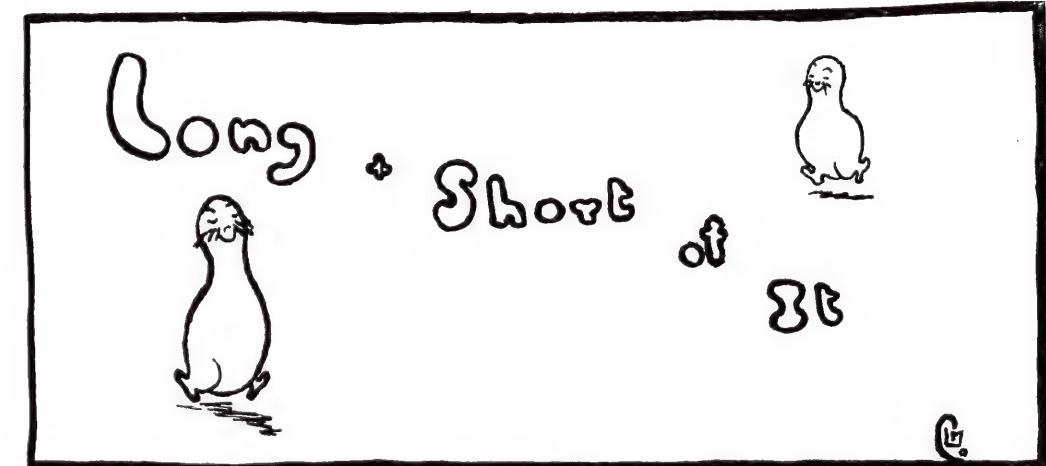
SOPHOMORES

What was a routine workout for junior and senior girls was new and exciting for the sophomores. Yes, you've guessed it—field hockey. Among the girls that are going to help the sophomores win the championship are Barbara Sears, Libera Principe, Carolyn Wagner, Diane Nadeau and Marilyn Drake.

GYM HELPERS

If you have been down to the girls' gym lately you may have thought that the senior girls were at the controls. Well, you can relax because gym classes are still in the very capable hands of Miss McNaughton and Miss Morgan. These seniors that you see floating around amongst the sophomores and juniors every day are girls who have voluntarily given up their study periods to aid the instructors during classes.

They are Janet Basset, Clara Berald, Gertrude Bunz, Norma Fitch, Nancy Leavitt, Gladys Lewis, Betty McAnnany, Miriam Najimy, Kitty Nicola, Diane Shuster, Ann Vaughan, Ilene Zajchowski, and Irene Zajchowski.



Mr. Gorman: John will sing bass—Joseph will sing baritone—and James will sing tenor—ten or eleven miles away.

(Biology teacher): What do elephants have that no other animal has?

A. Fredericks: Little elephants.

What kind of meat is never cheap?
Venison—it's always deer.

Noel Painchaud: Is it true that Hattie Carraway was the first woman senator of the United States?

Tom Hamilton: H'mm, I always thought she discovered the caraway seed.

Famous last words:
I'm going in there and tell old man Lynch where to get off.

(Senior girl to sophomore boy): You're a wonderful dancer—You're so light on my feet.

Priscilla Silvernail: I just can't adjust my curriculum.

K. Nash: Never mind; it doesn't show.

Miss Prediger (in history class): "Let's talk about the direct tax. We have the luxury tax, the income tax. Can anyone name another direct tax?"

Ted Stewart (brightly): "Thumb tacks!"

Add this one to a long list of foolish enterprises:—telling a hair-raising story to Coach Fox.

* * * * *

What ya studyin?

French.

Hard?

Nyaah.

Much outside readin?

Nyaah.

Many tests?

Nyaah.

Call on ya often?

Once a week.

I knew there was a catch to it.

Sophomore boy: Hey! You can't take that girl home. She's the reason I came to this dance.

Senior: Sorry, son! You've lost your reason.

Weltman says: "Nine out of ten doctors have made the switch to Camels, but now they're switching back to automobiles."

Mr. Lynch: How do you find physics?
Pupil: Easy to take.

Editor's Philosophy: Why be a schmoe, when with a little more effort, you can be a schmoo?

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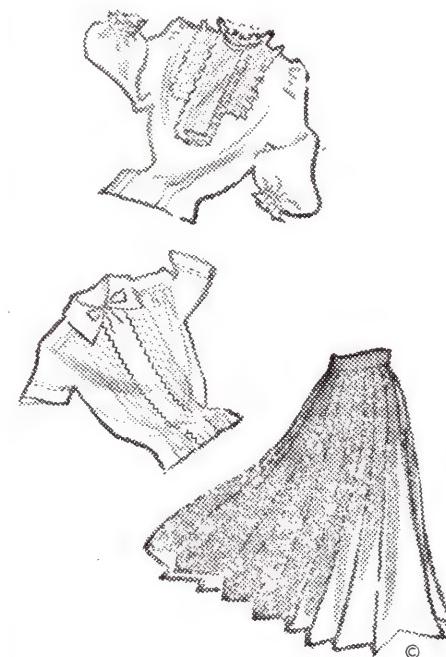
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25

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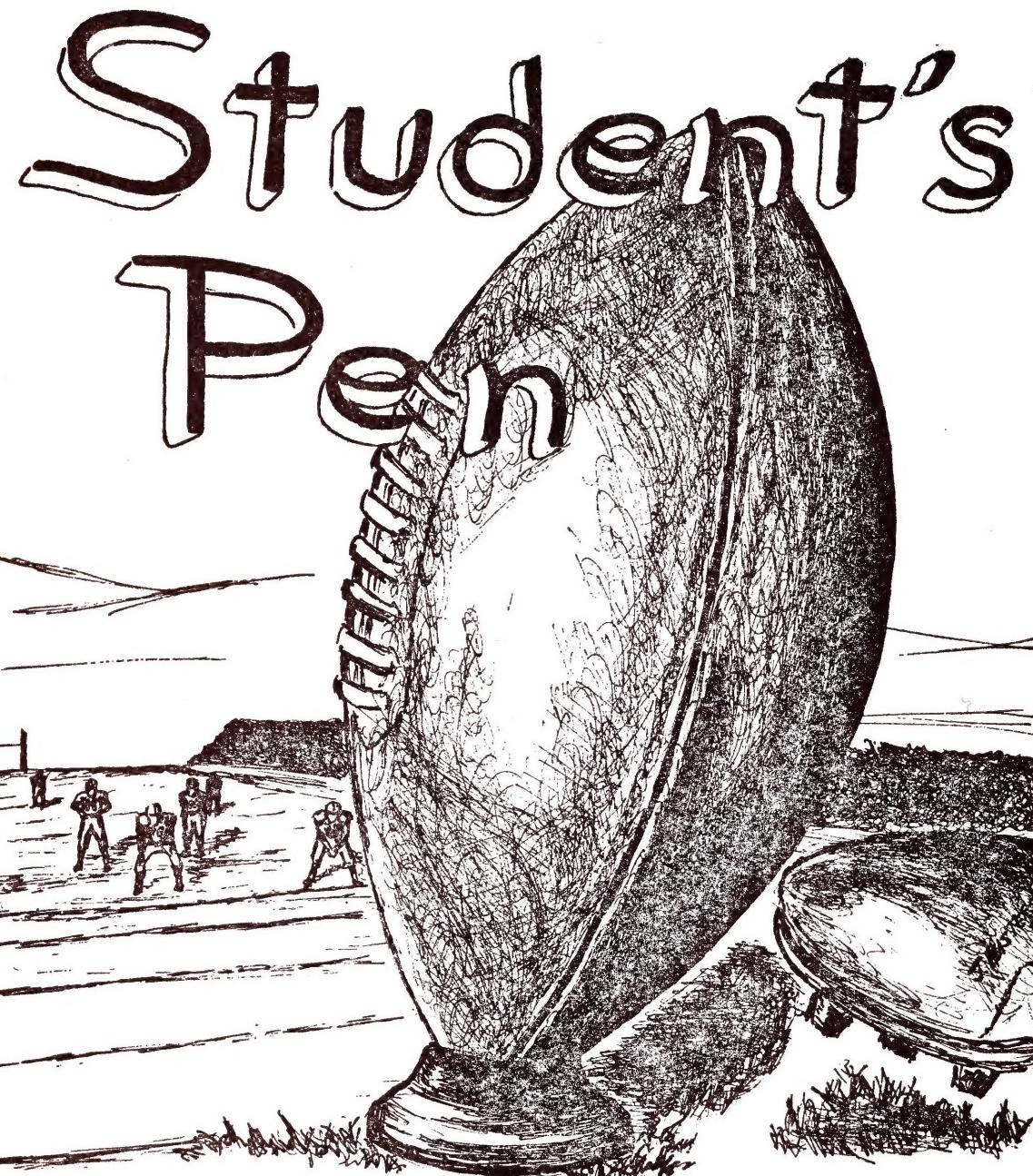
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